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THE WEEK 363
GREEK IMMIGRATION IN U.S. *Louis Adamic* 366
CHRISTIAN GREECE *Carlton J. H. Hayes* 368
THE CHURCHES OF GREECE *John La Farge* 370
MR. PHASOULIAS *Harry Lorin Binsse* 372
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 373
COMMUNICATIONS 374
THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 375
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 376
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 376
Introduction to the Constitutional History of Modern Greece — Hagia Sophia — Epigraphica Attica — New Directions in the New World — I Believe in America
IN THE GROOVE *Carl J. Balliett, Jr.* 380
INNER FORUM 382

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The Inauguration Address

THE FIRST PRESIDENT and the present President believe—they know—that the purpose of the American community's existence is not found solely in the material, nor even intellectual prosperity of their community alone. A state is not a person with an immortal soul, but a state is an institution through which persons carry out their duty to mankind as well as to themselves: to history; to God. The criterion of American policy is not the temporary security and wealth and dominance which the country has at the moment. The liberty of individuals to act as moral, responsible persons in the service of God is the "fire" we are committed to keep aflame. "As Americans, we go forward, in the service of our country, by the will of God." And our country—this institution, this articulation of the human community—must serve man's effort to free the particular people of the present and future, so that human actions can be responsibly good.

Roosevelt and Wallace

Not only "the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty," but also "the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered . . . deeply . . . finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people." Who knows a better system of social action for keeping aflame liberty than the one intrusted to this community? The existing choices are not many; and which can more possibly be influenced for the better than this? In 1789; in 1941, we are committed to preserve and strengthen it.

It is a true thing, after reservations and disputes and campaigns, that the country has, in some measure at least:

> put away many evil things; built new structures on enduring lines, and, through it all, maintained the fact of its democracy. For action has been taken within the three-way framework of the Constitution of the United States. The coordinate branches of the government continue freely to function. The Bill of Rights remains inviolate. The freedom of elections is wholly maintained.

A Vice-President has rarely merited the expectation which "Secretary" Wallace attracts at his inaugural. The President reinforced his world-wide leadership by his inaugural and by those sections of the inaugural address which brought forward the basis of the Republic. This pause "to recall our place in history" makes us see freshly our unity in the community, a unity tested by the war and the opposing counsels on how to deal with the war, and differing judgments on trends of political policy; but strengthened by his dedication to the spiritual ends of human government and a greater confidence that we of this community can be increasingly aware of them. The structure which has in fact served liberty, and is an institutional expression of liberty, stands to do its work. "We know that we still have far to go." We know that the tyranny of history cannot take from Americans the power, if they use it, to choose to "go forward, by the will of God."

Portugal and the U. S.

THUS FAR it has been impossible for THE COMMONWEAL to secure a satisfactory article on the subject of the comparatively benevolent dictatorship of Portugal. It has seemed to us a mistake to seize upon the Salazar régime as a universal model for the ideal Catholic state, for Portugal is a small, traditionally impoverished state with a majority of its people illiterate and decades of governmental instability behind it. Americans with a democratic tradition look warily upon authoritarianism in any form and such developments as balancing the budget by cutting funds for education were none too reassuring. The suggestions set forth in papal encyclicals on the Christian constitution of States seem to us so important that we have consistently refused to identify them with particular states about which we had inadequate first-hand knowl-

The Claim to Moral Influence

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edge. But one thing becomes increasingly clear, which may or may not be related to Portugal's form of government. Portugal is doing a magnificent job in sheltering hundreds of thousands of refugees from many lands. Occasional press dispatches and first-hand accounts by returning Americans give mounting testimony to Portuguese generosity. They tell of those who drive their cars to the Spanish border to bring back the destitute who arrive on foot, of citizens who go about proffering food and clothing to those who seem in need, of the generous atmosphere of welcome that abounds. Lack of visible means of support is no barrier to entry. The government has made the significant gesture of issuing to penniless refugees free passes to the exposition commemorating the 800th anniversary of Portuguese independence. Refugees with money are good customers, but there is little profiteering; refugees without money are provided with the necessities of life. Contrast all this with the policy of the infinitely more spacious and wealthy United States, which has deigned to accept only a small handful of endangered political exiles despite the most urgent appeals. We rest demurely on obstructive legalities and formalities. We have storehouses bursting with food and mounting agricultural surpluses, yet in the face of increasing pleas for food, currently from Belgium, France, Norway, we are unwilling to undertake the effort and expense of setting up an experimental method of feeding the conquered peoples of Europe — a method that could be so gradualistic that if found in fact to be aiding Nazi Germany it could be stopped instantaneously without having materially weakened the British blockade. The refugees from Lisbon might then be transported in decent, good-sized ships instead of the diminutive unseaworthy craft which handle some of this traffic. Should not America, in order to establish its right to moral influence in this world crisis, take for a model the warm humanity and Christian charity of impoverished Portugal?

Youth Polled on Authority

For the Family

THE DIRECTOR of the Research Bureau of America publishes in *Harper's Magazine* an apologia for the use of moral authority in training the young, which is bolstered from a quarter not usually appealed to for this purpose: the young themselves. What is described as "a representative number" of college students all over the country seems beyond question to have so expressed itself in the Research Bureau's recent poll on the authoritarian function of school, church and family. Health restrictions, including those of smoking, drinking and late hours, were respectably upheld in their environments. But in regard to "character- and intellect-forming activities"—reading, companions, movie and radio entertainment—they had been left largely to their own devices. The figures vary, from the family's range of moral neglect—radio, 95 percent; movies, 93; reading, 88; companionship, 55—to the school's (radio, 80; reading, 73) and the church's (radio and reading, 88; movies, 75). But, allowing for safety corrections, and also for an enlarged statement of the specific qualification that the answers of Catholics alone showed that their Church "is still trying to exercise definite authority"—the picture is clear.

What follows has thus intensified meaning. Ninety-three percent of this untrammeled youth voted for firm parental supervision of activities, with some variation on radio; and a majority underlined its meaning by upholding the need of obedience to parents simply *as* obedience. Fifty percent moreover wanted, in their homes—specifically in preference to economic or social advantages—emotional security. In contrast there was less interest in widening school or church authority with another explicit qualification admitting the strength of the positive Catholic vote regarding the Church. These returns do not of course allow us to build straightway upon the ruins of moral authority about us an earthly paradise. The abdication of the family—it is true, under material stress and moral anarchy usually too great for it to withstand—from the task of forming and fortifying young characters, is not a thing to be so soon put right. Aside from the great and abiding question of the relation of all authority to religious truth, so much practical wisdom has been lost by our society, so much wholesome habitude corroded, so much that is *naturally* sacred vitiated! Even after the process of wastage is reversed, there must ensue the long, slow counter-process of living by positive law, until the treasure of moral tradition is once more accumulated. But there is at least reason for sober hopefulness among us that a beginning can be made, as well as for pride in those of our young who can realize so clearly how they were disinherited.

A Few Kind Words for the Food Ministry

Woman's Work?

AMONG the less cheer-inspiring items in the press are those which detail the tightening of belts as food rations diminish. We on this magazine have said often how we favor meeting the food emergency in the conquered countries. We are certainly no happier when news of the shrinkage of rations comes from Britain—as happens to be the case currently, for example, in regard to meat. However, the New York *Times* manages to bring in another note, by publishing a dispatch by Helen Fraser, "who writes of wartime conditions in Scotland from the viewpoint of a housewife," and who certainly

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know her dietetics, her civic rights and her own mind. Mrs. Fraser, though she is careful to make the point that enough food is provided to feed everyone, says that the new restriction is a hardship to many because distribution is imperfect. She disposes of a suggested meat recipe, "for four persons" put out by the food ministry, with the tart comment that "they must be better fed at the ministry than we are up here in Scotland," where the recipe has to satisfy six. She declares that growing children need more, not less, food than adults, though food allowances reverse this. She criticizes severely the arrangement whereby those who can pay can eat at hotels without prejudice to their ration cards. And she wraps all this up by wondering when they will turn over the job of dietetic management and food allocation to women. "Food is a woman's job. . . . They are better able to gauge the quantities necessary to subsist on and to differentiate between luxury and necessity foodstuffs. It will come yet. . . ." This is a good, wholesome piece of feminism in the right place; it is also a fine example of wartime freedom of speech. It is realistic enough, but it is certainly not depressing.

Interracial Meeting

Doctrine and Facts

WE WENT last Sunday to a meeting organized by the Catholic Laymen's Union, a group of Negro business and professional men, and by the Catholic Interracial Council. It was held in downtown New York and, on Sunday, the machinery in the banks and in the brokers' offices, the adding machines and the clerks and the Vice Presidents, rested for the day and the streets were empty. We had chosen a place in the city, and a day, when all that on weekdays seems active and purposeful was stilled, and so we had all the mechanism of the city and the buildings there before us not being used, and available possibly for a new use, awaiting direction and purpose. Everything that during the week automatically is subordinate to routine and fixed like the seasons, on that Sunday appeared available and awaiting the word that would place it at the service of man. There we were, Negroes and whites at Mass in old Saint Peter's, close to the docks and the banks and the church goods shops of Barclay Street, and we were Negroes and whites at breakfast together after Mass, and not too astonished at being together, and we were Negroes and whites discussing throughout the day how to make visible, effective and immediate the justice of charity, man's brotherhood. We were not discussing the doctrine of charity which we accepted, but how to put it to work. We were Catholics at work again in America, in New York, today, as Catholics have been at work throughout the centuries of the past and as they will be at work throughout all the centuries this world will see, attempting to make their lives and practice and the society for which they share responsibility less shockingly in opposition to the life and to the society their Faith demands. There were three hundred and more of us there all believing in the dignity of man, all seeing the plain fact that if a man be poor, or if the pigmentation of his skin differ from that of the majority, that man may read about his dignity, may hear it proclaimed, but in our day does not see it respected. This interracial meeting in New York squarely demanded that the principles we admit be for once applied. Here, now and in our country. The problem is a technical one of implementing doctrine, of saving the words "good will" from being empty sound. It is the problem of the cities and that of the South where the poor are white and Negro in common misery—the South against which we have no facile barrier of nationalism, and whose emigration to the cities of the North we cannot prevent. It is also the problem and the shame of discrimination in employment. These are a few of the many technical matters which must be solved first by the will, but then by the political and social intelligence of our country. For in America we cannot say we do not care—we have no accepted doctrine of slavery—we cannot say we do not see what we are doing, and if continued injustice brings catastrophe we cannot say it is unmerited.

Special Number on Greece

Whether Mussolini's attempted march into Greece was part of a general axis plan or only a solo venture, Americans sat back last August to await the inevitable capitulation of one more small nation to the unimpeded advance of overwhelming force. When a few weeks later the Greeks struck back and began achieving success after success in the field of battle, everyone was astounded. What could be the background of a people small in numbers and comparatively untouched by modern industralism who as recently as the last war had served as a plaything in the operations of the bigger powers yet who now are demonstrating for the first time that a small but determined nation could under certain circumstances beat back the aggression of the Axis? Their toughness and resourcefulness, their unwillingness to be discouraged by initial successes of the forces which had suddenly invaded their country, is deserving of some explanation. This, and a prayer for Greek relief, form the background for this special issue which, with its notes on many fields, we have confidence will be of more than usual interest to readers of THE COMMONWEAL.

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Greek Immigration In U. S.

What they do, what they contribute, what they think.

By **Louis Adamic**

THE DRASTIC events of the past half-dozen years, now achieving their climax in an inclusive world crisis, have underlined in our national consciousness an important American fact—namely, that this country is humanly an extension not only of the British Isles, Ireland, Holland, France, Germany and Africa, as it was at its inception, but of all Europe and, in a lesser way, also of parts of Asia.

The developments originating in Germany, with their culminating world-wide repercussions, have made us aware of our vast German and Jewish elements; the Munich crisis, of the considerable Czech and Slovak groups; the early weeks of the Second World War, of the four or five million Poles and Polish Americans; the Russo-Finnish war, of the 400,000 Finnish immigrants and their American-born children; and the conquest of Denmark, Norway and Holland, of our Danish, Norwegian and Dutch groups. Mussolini's dramatics and adventures have, of course, made us keenly conscious of our Italians and Italian Americans even further back than a half-dozen years ago; and now his invasion of Greece, or rather his fiasco in that connection, makes us strongly and pleasantly cognizant of the Greeks and Greek Americans in our midst.

And, in consequence of these events, the various new-immigrant elements and tens of millions of individuals belonging to them have become intensely aware of themselves as German, Jewish, Italian, Czech, Slovak, Polish, Finnish, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch and Greek Americans—in most cases without the objectionable hyphen; the name of the old-country nationality is used merely as an adjective describing their backgrounds. This is, I believe, a significant thing in our national life, as yet inadequately appreciated by the country as a whole, but claiming almost my entire attention since late in 1938, when I embarked on a five-year survey and study of the subject. It is at once a sound and a dangerous development: sound because as a country we tend, thereby, to move away from the old but still energetic idea that the diversity of our population is something to be bemoaned and toward the newer idea that the diversity may be indeed a great advantage; and dangerous because, if we don't exert intelligence in connection with it, the dynamics of the idea are such that they are apt to lead to new or enhanced cleavages among our people, to an intensification of nationalisms and separatisms of our new-immigrant groups, which will not result in anything desirable. . . .

So much by way of a hasty, too hasty, preface to this brief, too brief, article I am asked to write on the Greek element in the United States for this special issue of THE COMMONWEAL. My "Greek" files contain pertinent material for at least ten times the space which the Editors allow me here, and I may as well say before I begin that, my limitations being what they are, I can offer but a few highlights of the Greek story in this country which, in good part by virtue of the Albanian events, is of a sudden clearly destined to assume growing importance in the minds of approximately 1,000,000 of our fellow inhabitants who are of Greek origin and descent, and therefore, if for no other reason, should interest all of us.

The Greeks are among the newest of the New Immigrants. One of my most valued informants, Mr. Peter T. Kourides, of New York, attorney for the Greek Archdiocese in North and South America, believes that prior to 1890 there probably were fewer than 100 persons of Greek origin and descent in the United States. Among these early-comers were the distinguished Calvocoressi family, one of whom became Commandant of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. The current head of the family, the roots of whose tree reach into the Byzantine period, is Mr. Leonidas J. Calvocoressi, a member of the New York Stock Exchange (many Greek Americans seem over-proud of this fact), whose son married a few years ago a direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another distinguished pre-mass-immigration Greek was Michael Agnos, whom Samuel Gridley Howe brought to this country as a little boy and who later founded and directed the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston.

Some of the New England Perkinses, generally regarded as Anglo-Saxon, are said to be descendants of a Greek merchant named Perkentzis who came to the New World, *via* London, in the 1780's, and whose family later changed the name to Perkins. In Trenton, New Jersey, there is a Perdikaris Street, named after a member of the Perdikaris

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family, which was founded by another early Greek settler.

Not a few early Greeks went South and, in the first half of the eighteenth century, became important in the development of the American tobacco industry, notably the cigarette. This was due to their tobacco background in the Old World.

Most of these pre-1890 Greek immigrants were brought here by American Philhellenes who went to Greece during 1821-'30 to fight for her independence, à la Lord Byron, in the wars against Turkey. It may be noted, too, that during this period such Americans as Daniel Webster and James Monroe made speeches asking for funds for the Greek patriots battling for the freedom of their country. In Boston, the old South Church became the headquarters for Greek relief.

Since 1890, nearly a half-million Greeks came over. At first they tended to segregate in and about New York City and in New England, where large Greek colonies were formed in Boston and Lowell, Massachusetts, and in Manchester, New Hampshire. Subsequently, considerable Greek settlements appeared in Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit. Now there is hardly a community of any size in the United States without Greeks or Greek Americans. Early in the 1900's, as I tell at some length in my book "From Many Lands," the Greek sponge fishermen "invaded" Tarpon Springs, Florida, and turned the little resort town into the sponge capital of the Western Hemisphere.

The overwhelming majority of the post-1890 Greek immigrants were humble folk, like the majority of immigrants of all other nationalities at the turn of the century and later. They were unskilled workers needed in the textile mills and shoe-manufacturing plants of New England and in various industries in such centers as New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. I have stories of violent warfare between Greek immigrants and the Irish, who, assuming priority rights for themselves, resented their intrusion. For a decade or two in many New England communities nothing was lower than Greeks in the estimation of non-Greeks, especially of the Irish. The old-time immigrants who now tell of those days smile; one of them recently said to me, "We fought with the Irish only in self-defense when their attitude and tactics became completely unbearable." The old wounds still smart, but since the early 1920's the tendency has been for those animosities to vanish. Lately the events in Albania operate here and there in the United States to turn Greek immigrants and their American-born children into pets.

The Greek immigrant seldom made a career of hard manual labor. As soon as possible, and this particularly in the larger cities, he went into some sort of business, opening a restaurant, a flower shop, or a confectionery or fruit store. Often, like the Jewish newcomer, he started in business as a street vendor, selling, if nothing else, shoelaces. Now there is a rare town of any size that hasn't a few Greek restaurants, candy-stores or flower-shops. Most of these establishments, especially restaurants, are of no very high quality; not a few, however, attained to excellence. In the larger cities the Greek restaurants, flower-shop and confectionery-store owners are organized in powerful associations.

Greek immigrants have made important contributions to the confectionery and soda-fountain business. They have invented and developed the use of fruit syrups. One of them is said to have brought over nothing less than the ice-cream cone, which he had invented in London. And some Greek American historians of my acquaintance are emphatic in crediting the invention of the ice-cream sundae to Greek genius.

Immigrants from Greece and their American-born descendants have gained a strong foothold also in the theatrical business. The name of Alexander Pantages comes most readily to mind in this connection. Two years ago Stellios Cocalis died, leaving a fortune of more than $2,000,000 as a result of his operation of some fifty theatres in New York and New Jersey. In Chicago, Harry Rekas, Van Nomikos and John Manta control strings of successful movie houses, while in upstate New York J. Dipson is important. But the topmost Greek theatrical tycoons are the Skouras brothers who together control approximately 600 theatres, 200 of them in Greater New York. Spyros Skouras is usually near the top of the list of the largest income tax-payers in the United States. In 1939 his income as President of the Fox West Coast Theatres alone was near $500,000. In the same year, his brothers Charles and George paid taxes on more than $300,000 each.

Facts of this sort are not specially exciting to me; I retail them here because they are important not only to the Horatio Alger heroes I have listed and the few others in their economic class, but—extremely so—to the Greeks and Greek Americans generally. Such facts are important to all the new-immigrant groups and to most of the individuals belonging to them as they grope about in the American atmosphere and inside themselves for evidence that they belong here, that they have within them the ability to advance themselves in the American way—alas! the most obvious American way.

So let me give a few more such facts about the Greeks. A few have succeeded greatly in the hotel business, particularly in New York; and in the shoe-retailing and fur trades. A Greek American is looking over my shoulder as I write, and he reminds that I forgot to mention by name the famous and numerous Foltis food shops in New York, which are establishments started by two enterprising Greek immigrants. I am asked, too, to mention the Karzis brothers, who operate two

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million-dollar ballrooms in Chicago. And I mustn't forget Nick the Greek, a gambler known from coast to coast, now in Hollywood, who has won and lost tens of thousands of dollars in single nights, and has popularized Plato, his favorite author, among the highbrows of the underworld.

Now enough of Success!

ALL of the 500,000 Greek immigrants, of course, did not stay here. After making a little money, many returned to Greece. The preponderance of those who stayed in this country remain humble folk. They skate on the thin ice around the edges of our erratic economy. Along with most of the other new-immigrant elements, they are "marginal" people, whether they are in business or not. Their families are large, and the numerical estimates of the second generation run as high as 750,000.

Most of the immigrants and many of their American-born children are strong adherents to the Greek Orthodox Church, whose Bishop in the Americas is a power among them. The immigrants have a score or more of Greek-language newspapers. Recently a young New Englander named Constantine Poulos began to publish, in Washington (where he is a Government clerk), an English-language monthly, the *Hellenic Spectator,* in which the younger generation tries—not uninterestingly—to examine its Hellenic background.

In Washington, too, is the headquarters of Ahepa, the Greek Americans' largest fraternal union, which has also a cultural function among them. It stands for Hellenism, the traditions and values of Greece, which it holds are essentially identical with the ideals of Americanism.

Many Greek Americans have Anglicized or simplified their names. Many were more or less ashamed or uneasy about being Greeks. The Albanian war has changed that to a large extent. They are shedding their old inferiority feelings. This war is doing for the Greek Americans what a year ago the Russo-Finnish war did for the Finnish Americans.

I know a great many Greek Americans personally all over the country. Most of them are excellent, delightful people. But my favorite person among them is an elderly immigrant I know in a small city in upstate New York. He came to America to escape persecution and terror in Asia Minor. He owns and runs a pitifully small confectionery and variety store. He complained to me that he worked hard and long hours, and that he was getting old and tired. I asked him why he did not have his 14-year-old son help him more in the store. He turned on me, almost angrily: "What do you think I am! My boy will stay in school. He must study at home after school. He must be a good student; he must become a good man. There is much wrong here; we must make a better America. My son must go to college, the best there is. Me—I don't count. My life is over. How shall I say it? I realized myself by coming to the United States. Now I must help my children, so they will help this country—so they will know what to do—help make it great."

Christian Greece

First Christians after the Jews, Christian as well as pagan Greeks have known glory.

By **Carlton J. H. Hayes**

CHRISTIANITY is older among the Greeks than among any other nation except the Jewish. Not Irish or Germans, not French or even Italians can lay claim to having first pioneered in Gentile acceptance of the Gospel. That distinction belongs to the Greeks, and what a Christian heritage has been theirs!

Saint Paul was almost as much Greek as Jew. He preached at Athens. He wrote in Greek his inspired Epistles, and the list of churches to which he addressed most of them sounds like a roll-call of Greek cities—Corinth, Salonica, Ephesus, Colossae, Philippi. But not Saint Paul's alone, indeed all our basic Christian documents—our entire New Testament of Gospels, Acts and Apocalypse, as well as Epistles—appeared originally in Greek. Of Greek nationality, moreover, were most of the early popes, and predominantly Greek in personnel and speech were those great church councils which from the fourth to the eighth century defined once for all the faith of the Catholic Church.

The glory of Christian Greece has unfortunately been obscured, especially since the so-called Renaissance of early modern times, by too exclusive attention in our schools to the glory of antique pagan Greece. Yet Greek genius and Greek art did not perish with Plato or Phidias, nor suffer eclipse when the Greek nation turned from paganism to Christianity. As great Greek literature

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flourished in the fourth century B. C., so it flourished anew in the fourth century A. D. with such masters of pen and voice as Basil, Gregory and Chrysostom. And as pagan Greek architects and sculptors of the Periclean age had reared and embellished the Parthenon and produced classic modelings of the human form, so their Christian successors of the age of Justinian built the majestic fane of the Holy Wisdom at Constantinople and wrought matchless icons and mosaics.

There has latterly been much discussion whether any modern nation can properly be described as "Christian" or "Catholic." I don't propose to debate the question, though in the light of contemporary world events I strongly suspect that "Christian nations" are as non-existent as "national souls." Souls, of course, are individual, not national; and so likewise, it would seem, is religious conviction. If, however, any nation can be called Christian, it is surely the Greek nation.

In the eleventh century, it is true, the vast majority of Greeks followed their Byzantine Emperor and their Patriarch of Constantinople in lamentable revolt against the authority of the Roman Church, and for almost nine hundred years now they have been schismatics from Catholic unity. And the schism has been not the less deplorable because its motivation was in despotic politics and prejudiced nationalism. Yet schism in the case of the Greeks has not led to apostasy. They have remained fixedly faithful throughout the entire Christian era to the Catholic theology they received from Saint Paul and the Church Fathers, and to the liturgy which the Catholic Saints Basil and John Chrysostom bequeathed them. Their orders and their sacraments, in the considered judgment of Rome, are still as valid and efficacious as any Catholic priest's or bishop's.

Pope after pope has respected the Greek Church and labored for its reunion with Rome; and on two different occasions, chiefly through papal zeal and statesmanship, reunion was actually—if but temporarily—achieved. The first was in 1274, when Pope Gregory X, in the presence of a general Church council at Lyons, joyfully received a distinguished delegation of Greek prelates and from their hands a most welcome letter from the Greek Emperor expressing his desire for union and that of five hundred Greek bishops and archbishops. Mass was sung in Latin and then in Greek. Union was proclaimed. Gregory intoned the *Te Deum*.

Almost two centuries later a second reunion was solemnized at the Council of Florence. On this occasion some seven hundred Greek ecclesiastics, headed by their Emperor, had made the trip in person. After full debate, agreement was reached; and the formal decree of union, read in the cathedral of Florence in Greek and Latin on a hot summer's day in July, 1439, is still preserved in the Laurentian library of that Italian city.

Neither of the reunions proved lasting. They were, in fact, hardly more than passing pious gestures, although we should not forget the considerable number of illustrious Greeks who remained loyal to Rome and added lustre to the Catholic name. There was the high-minded John Beccus, Patriarch of Constantinople. There was the celebrated Cardinal Bessarion. There was also that last Greek Emperor of Byzantium, Constantine XI, who, with sincere faith fortified by Catholic rites, led the final valorous resistance to the Turks in 1453 "for the glory of God and the safety of Christendom" and at the end fell fighting.

It is no fault of the popes, no lack of charity or effort on their part, that most Greeks did not accept the union proclaimed in 1274 and again in 1439, and that for the last five centuries they have persevered in schism. Some measure of blame for this undoubtedly inheres in the Greeks themselves, or at least in their temporal and spiritual leaders. Much has been written in the West in condemnation of the contentiousness, the ambitiousness, the nationalism of the Greeks. Much has been made of the charge that they so hated the papal tiara as almost to love the Turkish turban.

What is less often said in the West, but which should be said clearly and with emphasis, is that a major share of blame for the sorry situation attaches not to the schismatic Greeks but to assailants and despoilers of them from among nations that were reputed Catholic and that professed allegiance to the pope. In the year 1202, for example, an old and dictatorial doge of Venice, Enrico Dandolo by name, actuated by quite mundane considerations of Italian expansion and profit, craftily diverted a Crusade from the purpose for which the great Pope Innocent III had preached and organized it—the purpose of repelling the Moslem Turks—and utilized it, instead, to subjugate the Christian population on the island of Zara. Then, without warning, Dandolo's "Crusaders" suddenly attacked the Greek Empire, seizing and sacking its fair capital city of Constantinople, and thus inflicting irretrievable damage on Europe's chief defensive outpost against the Turks. In vain Innocent III protested. "These defenders of Christ," he wrote, "who should have turned their swords only against infidels, have bathed in Christian blood. They have respected neither religion nor age nor sex." In vain the Pontiff excommunicated Dandolo and his Italian associates. For weeks and months these continued their plunder and slaughter and unmentionable cruelties.

If surviving Greeks had previously lacked love for Italians, they were not likely to acquire it from such a demonstration. And if that was the way in which Catholics behaved, it was far better to stick to schism. With the dreadful sack of Constantinople rankling in Greek minds, and with further

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memory of fifty years of hard fighting thereafter to oust alien "Catholics" and regain national freedom, it is not to be wondered at that on the Greek side any step toward church union was taken for purely political purposes, was popularly resented and was speedily retraced.

Now, seven hundred years after the lesson of Dandolo and his Venetians, and close on the heels of renewed efforts of popes of our century to promote the cause of Church union, Mussolini and the Italians at his beck and call have undertaken again, with high hope of imperialistic loot, to conquer an independent Greece. Less can be said for our Benito than for old Enrico Dandolo. Dandolo was a patrician, and despite his advanced age—he was over eighty-five—he was a doer rather than a talker. He carefully planned and equipped the expedition and assured its efficiency. Besides, he was personally brave. He led his forces and was in the forefront of all the fighting. The old man was spry and withal courageous enough to scale the walls of Constantinople ahead of anyone else. And, according to his own diabolical standards, his assault upon the Greeks was successful.

The Christian Greeks are a small nation with a long history. They have had an extraordinarily large number of ups and downs. They may eventually fall before the men of Mussolini reënforced by the might of Hitlerian Germany, just as they fell five hundred years ago before the onslaughts of the Moslem Turkish horde.

Yet hats off to the Greeks! They fight when others seek appeasement. They fight, I like to think, because they are Christian, because they have a sense of human rights and dignity, because they appreciate their providential mission. As their pagan forefathers were the spearhead of Europe against Persian despotism, and as their Christian ancestors were the shield of developing Christendom against the ravages of Islamic tyranny, so the Christian Greeks of today may well be proud of winning the first military successes against the supreme tyranny and despotism, that of neo-pagan totalitarianism. The result again may be long-drawn-out agony. But the Greek nation, being Christian, believes in resurrection. It will survive.

The Churches of Greece

A summary of the situation as it is at the present moment and recent past.

***By* John LaFarge**

BATTLES waged on the Albanian border between Greek and Italian forces revealed the astonishing courage and resourcefulness of the descendants of Xenophon's hoplites. They also revealed the religious spirit of the Greek people. From press accounts the Greek resisters to Mussolini's invasion were inspired by their Orthodox clergy. They were sustained by an enthusiastic trust in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The famous Shrine of Our Lady on the Island of Tenos plays a part in the present conflict similar to that of Czenstochowa for Poland's soldiers in their historic struggles with the Turks.

The mere mention of the Greek Church summons up memories of early Greek Fathers, disputing with Hellenic subtlety concerning the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation; of politically inspired schisms and ecclesiastic conflicts; of Byzantine emperors; of bearded priests and monks with their high headgear or *kalamavkion;* of Eastern monasteries and other picturesque matters. The term "Greek Catholic" is often loosely used for a variety of different meanings, sometimes for all Eastern Christians, whether or not separated from Rome; sometimes for all Eastern Rite Christians of the different language-Churches, such as the United Ukrainians, United Rumanians and United Greeks; sometimes for all Catholics who are in Greece, regardless of their rite, etc. A few brief explanations, therefore, may clear up some misunderstanding.

The official religion of Greece (Hellas) is the Hellenic Orthodox Church. This Church is "autocephalous," that is to say, it has its own ecclesiastical head, who is the Metropolitan of Athens. It is nevertheless in full communion with the other jurisdictions of the Orthodox Churches. The Hellenic Orthodox Church declared itself autocephalous in 1833 and was recognized as an autocephalous branch in 1850. It is therefore in a position similar to that of the Orthodox Churches of Bulgaria, Serbia, Rumania, etc., all belonging to the Byzantine Rite of Saint John Chrysostom.

The Hellenes follow exactly the same rite as do their brethren of the Byzantine rite in other lands. The term "rite" is not limited merely to ceremonies, to the *liturgy* in the strict sense of the word, but to the entire system of the Church's ministry: the manner of administering the sacraments, the discipline of the clergy, regular and

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secular; the structure of Canon Law. However, whereas the Bulgars, Russians, Rumanians, etc., use a translation of the Greek in their ceremonies, the Hellenes retain the original Greek language.

Statistics concerning the total number of adherents to the Hellenic Orthodox Church vary, in recent years, from 5,400,000 to 6,000,000, with 150,000 more in Turkey. Members of the hierarchy are given as 88; priests, 7,054; monasteries, 303; members of Religious Orders for men and women, 4,964.

Russian Orthodoxy from ancient times has maintained an outpost upon Mount Athos, in the midst of the Hellenic monastic community. The monks of Mount Athos number around 6,000.

Greek Catholics in the proper sense, that is to say, those who are united with the See of Peter, are divided into Latin Catholics and United Byzantine Catholics, each under a bishop of their respective rite. The Latin Catholics in Greece, estimated at about 24,000, are for the most part descendants of the Venetians and other westerners who settled in Greece and became entirely Hellenized. The Byzantine Catholics in 1932 numbered 2,148. Their Ordinary, whose jurisdiction since 1925 extends to all Greece, is the zealous and patient Most Reverend George Calavassy, D.D., Titular Bishop of Theodoropolis, residing in Athens.

The greatest strength of the Hellenic Orthodox Church lies undoubtedly in its popular character, its ability to reach the masses of the people, particularly the peasantry, and identify itself with them. This derives, in turn, from a fidelity to traditional usage which is found throughout the Churches of the East, and has kept alive in them a core of piety and doctrine through the ages.

We who have grown up in Protestant surroundings are accustomed to hear ceremonies and church laws ridiculed as a form of ecclesiastical tyranny. We are startled to find the humble classes in Greece eagerly clinging to every detail of their rites and liturgy. In many a Greek household, at five in the afternoon, as the bell of the neighboring church rings for the *Hesperinos* (Vespers), the duty of lighting the *kandyla* before the domestic *Eikonostasion,* or "holy corner" in the house, is religiously carried out, writes Euphrosyne Kephala. "Reverence is done and a prayer murmured, the face, as with the Orthodox, always turned to the East when in prayer." Even New York's Battery is exhilarated each year with the dramatic Orthodox ceremony of the cross flung into the winter waters and recovered, by a diver, for the Bishop's blessing. Moslems come and worship at the shrine of Saint Spiridion in Corfu, to whom children are dedicated if cured by his intercession. *Agripniai* or sacred vigils are popularly kept on Mount Pelion, of classic fame. Masses for the faithful departed are frequently offered up, but particularly on the two last Saturdays of Lent. A dish of boiled grain, to recall Saint Paul's words to the Corinthians concerning the "sowing in corruption" and "rising in incorruption," is offered on this occasion.

The easy-going practice of a mere general self-accusation of sins has robbed the administration of the sacrament of Penance of its life-giving severity in many parts of the Orthodox world. The present Orthodox Metropolitan of Athens, Archbishop Chrysanthus, amongst many other reforms instituted by himself and his predecessor, the temperamental Archbishop Chrysostom Papadopoulos, insists upon a "full" sacramental confession as an indispensable condition for receiving the Holy Eucharist.

The mention of Archbishop Chrysostom brings to mind the other and less attractive phase of Hellenic Orthodoxy, its extreme nationalism and ever-renewed hostility to Rome. This nationalistic spirit was embodied in the Governmental legislation concerning "proselytism" that was promulgated on August 15, 1938. Article 2 of the Greek Constitution contains an expressive provision against proselytism. Through the legislation of 1938 this general provision was made extremely specific. Anything the Holy Synod should choose to consider as "anti-Orthodox and anti-Christian" was forbidden. Minute regulations were laid down concerning churches, persons, publications of dissidents from Orthodoxy. To these were added two more laws concerning the organization of parishes, dated September 2, 1938. Greek armies may be aiding democracy, but Greek legislators of 1938 did not appear enthusiastic for it.

Inspiration for this revival of the Inquisition appears to have derived from a well-grounded fear concerning the rapid growth in Hellas and vicinity of the ubiquitous Jehovah's Witnesses; and a much less well-grounded panic over the presence in the country of the United Catholics of the Byzantine rite. The laws were the culmination of the alarums in word and writing continually raised—until Chrysostom's death in October, 1938—by Archbishop Chrysostom over Bishop Calavassy and his little flock. Against some of these the Catholic Bishop raised a formal protest to the Government. Particularly disturbing to Archbishop Chrysostom appeared to be the fact that the Church of Rome was gaining prestige among prominent and cultivated members of the Hellenic laity precisely at the time it was being opposed by the Hellenic clergy. In all the Orthodox countries the laity wield greater theological influence than they do in the West—witness men like Soloviev and Khomiakov in Russia—and Greece is no exception. Against any tendency to "Roman fever" the Greek, like the Russian, ecclesiastics could always sound the note of nationalism, and identify Orthodoxy with true Hellenism. This nationalistic spirit, an heir of the "phyletism" encouraged of old among

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Christians by the Moslem Turks, remains the greatest obstacle to the reunion of the dissident East.

Yet in all this cloud there is a definite silver lining. Whatever their prejudices, the Orthodox cling to the belief that there does exist one, only one, true Catholic and Apostolic Church. Their error is a specific error, so to speak; for they hold that Catholics are heretics and their own Church alone is true. But they do not readily yield to the poison of the *generic* error, which rejects all objective standard of revealed truth, or confounds the true Church with dissident bodies in an all-embracing "comprehensiveness." This inflexible adherence to doctrinal standards has so far kept Hellenic Orthodoxy from progressing beyond a certain point of mutual courtesy in its dealing for two centuries with English Protestantism and Anglo-Catholicism.

Stormy in the past, Hellas will doubtless be the scene of religious storms in the future. But it is not apt to be the scene of religious indifference. Out of the earnestness and intensity of Greek religious conviction must come, sooner or later, the blessing of a reunited Christendom in the East.

Mr. Phasoulias

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THAT Boston should ever have been dubbed the Athens of America has in the last three or four decades had its irony, and has been true in a sense never dreamed by those who first conceived the phrase. The Greek community in Boston may not be the largest in the United States; it is certainly the most conspicuous. While one might live a lifetime in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago without any intimate contact at all with contemporary Hellenes, in Boston that is very nearly impossible. And what is true of the capital is true of most of the towns of eastern Massachusetts.

The first year I spent at Harvard (it was long before the erection of those magnificent piles of Georgian brick which now so effectively isolate the undergraduate from all danger of any contact with the life around him) I lodged with a middle-aged couple who rented an apartment not so far from Central Square as from Harvard. And hence it was natural that my daily life should be divided into two sections, one, as it were, facing the university: lecture halls, library, the conventional lunch rooms and cafeterias; the other facing a totally different Cambridge: lodging houses slightly out-of-plumb, cheap department stores, candy factories, Lever Brothers (Lux in those days, but not yet Spry), and in a very remote distance, so remote as to be beyond thought, MIT.

The Harvard Square section usually included lunch; the Central Square, breakfast and dinner and Sundays. And it was in this section that I became Mr. Phasoulias. That is one of the most winning things about the Greeks; they are not afraid of the obvious. Perhaps that is why they gave the world such a surprise by resisting the Italians. It was an obvious sort of thing to do, but we have all grown strangely afraid of the obvious; so we are all surprised. *Phasoulia,* you see, is the Greek for *bean,* and if you twist the first vowel in my name a little, you can make beans out of it. Obvious enough, but an endless source of chuckles and delight to Nikolas Kariophiles. . . .

A block or two west of Central Square was the Trephon. It was and perhaps yet is. The Trephon was no different in appearance from any other of a thousand of its kind, except that it was a little dirtier, a little shabbier, a little more dismal. Its floor was of mosaic tile which had seen far happier days; the number of missing *tesserae* sometimes put me in mind of what happens to old people's teeth. Over this was habitually sown a good sprinkling of damp sawdust. The walls up to a height of about ten feet were covered with glazed tile, each side wall being adorned with a landskip: one a mountain (Hymettus or Vesuvius, as you preferred), the other a sea shore (clearly Mediterranean, but not particularized). And in the rear was the central praesidium, the vital engine of the whole machine: the counter back of which Nick officiated by day, John by night.

This counter was a fine thing. At normal level it was of spotless porcelain, and covered with a succession of interesting victuals: bread pudding with raisins all parsemelee, fruit salad mostly but not altogether out of a can, cakes all neatly marked off into slices, rolls, buns, muffins, and such other things as belong on lunchroom counters. Over all this was erected a glass-fronted and topper superstructure which served as a delivery shelf for such comestibles as had to be kept elsewhere and a protection for the front goods against slopped coffee or milk. Behind the counter was an array of coffee urn, hot plate, range for short orders, storage space for clean dishes; and backing these, a formidable tile parapet on top of which mysterious hands placed "specials"—roast loin of pork and red cabbage, or goulash and potato pancakes.

The extraordinary thing about all this was that the food was good. And before long I discovered the reason. Nick and John liked food. So they would have nothing bad or slipshod in the place. Their pies were made on the premises. So were their cakes and rolls and muffins. All baking, which most such establishments are glad to let Mrs. Wagner or some less celebrated housewife do for them in a beautiful and sanitary manufactory, was for the Trephon accomplished by a tireless compatriot from Asia Minor in a dank and unsavory basement. But the environment seemed to agree

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better with baking than does the atmosphere of a modern factory, at least as far as the taste of the finished products was concerned.

It was here late of an evening, drinking a final cup of coffee and very bored with the vagaries of Middle English verse that I learned about the food of the homeland, and its drinks. John had been a cavalry officer in the then only World War. He could roll and light a cigarette with one hand, and that out of sheer bravado standing plumb in the draft of an electric fan. Which no little excited my admiration. . . . One evening it was yaourti he produced—a dish for me with sugar and cream, one each for himself and the rest of the help. Made of cow's milk and a culture prepared each year from the pepsin out of the stomach of the paschal lamb. . . . And he told me about the *real* restaurants in Boston, where they served only Greek food. . . . He was sure Plato and Aristotle and Sophokles had eaten such. . . .

So to Boston I went, to the Byzantium. Not the Athens (which also had Greek food, but according to John slightly tainted itself by serving American as well). The Byzantium was upstairs a flight, and its walls and floor were quite naked of tile. Its tables had cloths and baskets of bread, and its menu was totally innocent of anything but Greek characters. Which made the whole business a good deal more fun and more uncertain. "Soupa" (I spare you the Greek letters) is anybody's guess, and varied from day to day as it would in any good European household. And then there followed a whole series of "arni" from "brasto" to "me prassa" and "patates." I gradually went down the whole list, finding that lamb is the only meat the Greeks seem to know, and lamb is "arni" (you sort of stick a *g* in between the *r* and the *n,* which gives a hint: *agnus*), and it is dished up in a thousand ways, all of them fat and high-flavored and fine if your stomach is in good shape. Then you finish up with "baclava" in any of its myriad forms, all incredibly light and flaky pastry wrapped around nuts and bathed in honey . . . or with dried fruit, or fresh, and always "kaphes tourkikos" sweet, medium or "not" sweet (i.e., sickish, cloying or just sweet).

Back to the Trephon, to compare notes and to hear about what the evil days forbade, the good wine to cut through so much carbo-hydrates and hydro-carbons—wines I have since sampled, and which I recommend only to the truly adventurous, for they are all spiked with resin, and taste a little like cough remedy. But "mavro daphne" has its devotees; I shall not deny that I am one of them.

And in the Trephon John and Nick agreed that the old country's food was the best. But Americans wouldn't like it—all except such people as I, who knew about Socrates and Plato and Aristophanes. So they had to prepare goulash with red cabbage and roast pork with potato pancakes, and once in a while have a dish of yaourti, which is good for the stomach and for which they would never look at the color of your money. . . .

And Harvard Square was miles away. . . . And the milkmen were coming in for their scups scoffee. . . . And the sun rose over Lever Brothers. . . .

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

DOROTHY THOMPSON influences the thinking, as well as the emotions, of so many readers, that it is a pity to see her falling into a fallacy which also afflicts so clear-minded and persuasive a thinker and writer as Mr. Herbert Agar, editor-in-chief of that excellent newspaper, the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

Miss Thompson's lapse occurs in the course of an article in the New York *Herald Tribune* for January 17. Speaking of the delays and extraneous issues which accompany the democratic process, as, for example, the Congressional public hearings on the President's "lend-lease" bill, now proceeding—or, rather, now running round in eccentric circles at Washington—Miss Thompson says that in her opinion the Congressional committee ought to call and listen to only those witnesses on so grave an issue, "whose views are worthy of consideration because they possess some special information and knowledge."

For example, Miss Thompson says she thinks that such a witness as Mr. Cordell Hull is ideal; but that such witnesses as "General Johnson, or Mr. Roy Howard, or Colonel Lindbergh" cannot contribute to the enlightenment of the Senators more than they already have publicly contributed. Then, after making this debatable point, Miss Thompson plumps into her fallacy—at least, so I would regard her statement—that it "is as foolish and as time-wasting to call them," meaning Mr. Roy Howard, his weather-cock of a columnist, "General" Hugh Johnson (when are we Americans going to drop the puerile habit of identifying with high military titles men long concerned with other and far less worthy matters than their former work with the armed forces of our nation?), and Colonel Lindbergh—"as it would be, for instance, to call Mr. Herbert Agar or Miss Dorothy Thompson."

What have you against Dorothy Thompson, Miss Thompson? Don't you realize that compared with the ruck of Senators and Congressmen, and of "big shots" in Wall Street, whose names adorn (or disfigure) the headlines, and upon whom the Kleig lights of the bewildering, befuddling Demon, Publicity, beat most fiercely, Dorothy Thompson and Herbert Agar are far more truly important, and far more "news-worthy" when they speak or write, and infinitely better informed, and supremely more competent to convey the knowledge they have gained, abroad and at home, in libraries as well as in cloak-rooms, bar-rooms, and the inner offices of "big-shot" little newspaper magnates, than most of the politicians, and Wall Street gamblers? And why should not such dubious

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authorities be placed upon the witness stand so that some able pro-war Senator-lawyer might go to work on them. They might concentrate on Mr. Howard, particularly, and give the intelligent public that does not read his papers (except to follow his strangely assorted zoo of columnists), and which detests his not-too-subtle attempts to capture influential statesmen (like Mr. Wendell Willkie, for instance) and compel them to dance to the music which pays the pipers in Mr. Howard's big-drum-and-trumpet orchestra of special writers.

But certainly, if Mr. Howard, with his hundred-odd newspapers and his brigade of columnists (his playboy, Mr. Pegler, being a sort of acrobatic drum-major twirling his loaded stick) has all and more than enough space to air his isolationism, and his appeasement views, why keep Herbert Agar and Dorothy Thompson from an opportunity to get into the news columns? The latter are read by even more people who need to consider their patriotic, their cultivated, their reasonably stated convictions, and their rare fund of special knowledge of the true conditions of the world, than those who read their editorial or their syndicated personal views.

It is high time that educated writers, and educated patriotic ladies and gentlemen put their personal modesty, humility, and their natural dislike of the mob-god's glare of Publicity aside. It is more than high time to realize the low level to which the ruck of the Senators and Congressmen has fallen under the influence of the vulgarized, purely commercialized "popular" press. Papers like the New York *Herald Tribune,* with their Walter Lippmanns, and Mark Sullivans, and their own staff of excellent scholars and able writers, should take the lead in placing the Herbert Agars and Dorothy Thompsons and other able men and women writers, and private citizens, where they ought to be placed, namely, on a platform of decent public notice apart from and certainly higher than the many-ringed circus platforms of publicity run by that ring-master, whose whip-snaps are whipper-snapper affairs, after all, Mr. Roy Howard.

Communications

ROAD OUT OF CRISIS?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Repetition of bare platitude is a rather dismal occupation, especially when brilliance and wit is lacking in expression. However this is one of those times when one must risk the yawns of one's friends and state even crudely the elementary facts which appear to have been temporarily forgotten. In your editorial, "Road Out of Crisis?" of January 24, you say that you find it difficult to shift toward authoritarianism. So do we all, but in a time of crisis, all constitutional régimes enlarge the sphere and scope of the executive. The Romans provided for this with their temporary "dictators" and our own common law has recognized the necessity for this shift since its earlier beginnings. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus during Lincoln's first administration has been supported by a long tradition, and a virile line of cases. "Bill 1776" flows out of our received doctrine of government; it is no aping of the totalitarian slave states. Nor is this technique intended to solve social ills. It is intended to ensure the integrity of our borders, to preserve the safety of our citizenry and the perpetuation of our social well being. Who will deny that the Brown and Black enemies of England are marching on America?

JOSEPH CALDERON.

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editors: The opening editorial in your issue of January 24 is, in my opinion, about as fine a statement of the attitude of a considerable group of us as could be asked. In the midst of confusion, both that group and also your own paper, have been groping. It becomes increasingly clear to Catholics of all sorts, except to a few like Mr. Agar and Mr. Williams: (1) that suspension of democracy and a shift to American authoritarianism is not a change desired wholly because of military necessities; and (2) that in any readjustment of society of benefit to man, the use of the sword, while it may in the last resort be a necessary weapon, must be kept secondary to the rational settlement of economic, technological and—most important of all—spiritual issues. Even to defeat Teutonic arms will *in itself* contribute no good to the world; its only possible justification is that such defeat will make possible, or more easily possible, the repentance and reformation of a too long secularized and apostate world.

In this connection, Father Parsons's review of "The City of Man" is apropos. We hear too much about democracy as an end to be fought for. At best, democracy may be a means to doing the will of God; at worst, it can easily become the ultimate blasphemy.

THE COMMONWEAL is indispensable these days.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

MUSIC AND THE WAR

TO the Editors: It may be extremely decadent and escapist but when I saw your Greek Issue announced what came to my mind was a fiat in Paris and another war and the sound of a piano from the floor below. Every morning for weeks the distinguished American conductor Chalmers Clifton played the noble ascending octaves of the prelude to Fauré's "Penelope." Penelope on the stage was Germaine Lubin and she was the poet Paul Geraldy's wife and not Greek: nor was the music Greek, but the music and the story of Penelope and Lubin's beauty were in our minds as we attended to some vague business connected with that earlier war. And in this war too it is not unpardonable perhaps to cling to some of the minor modes of that civilization we are defending. I hope that THE COMMONWEAL will never close its pages, no matter what demands the world catastrophe may make upon Americans, to whatever the equivalent in words may be to music and to painting. That would be one way of refusing to submit to the totalitarian obsession. After all, everything may be taken from us but not that which we hold in our minds.

P. VALENTIN.

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THE JEWS IN VICHY FRANCH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The moving article of Mme. Maritain on Bergson has brought home to me again the sadness which accompanied the reading of the French decrees against the Jews. If it is possible at all to bring a little comfort to those who feel the blow of this law within their very flesh, I would like to try to do so by quoting from the decree itself, published by the *Journal Officiel:*

> Art. 1 defines who shall be considered Jewish: are considered as Jews people who have three Jewish grandparents.
> Art. 2 deals with the forbidden public service jobs. It includes civil service jobs, teachers, officers.
> Art. 3 deals with other civil service jobs. These are forbidden to Jews *unless* (a) they can show they fought in 1914-1918 or unless their names have appeared on the roll of honor during that war; (b) their names have appeared on the roll of honor during the war of 1939-1940; (c) they have received the Legion of Honor for military services, or the Military Medal.
> Art. 4. Liberal professions are open to Jews. If any quota is decided upon, it will have to be complied with.
> Art. 5 mentions that the Jews cannot enter the following professions except under conditions and restrictions. Then follows a listing dealing with the direction of newspapers, reviews (scientific ones are excepted), movie enterprises, theaters, etc.
> Art. 6. Jews cannot belong to organizations representing the above professions.
> Art. 7 deals with the indemnities allotted Jews who are discharged from Civil Service.
> Art. 8. By individual and fully justified Conseil d'Etat decree, Jews who have been of service to the French State, either in literature, science, or art, may be released from the interdictions of the present law.

This is not a literal translation but it is the gist of it.

Though I have no wish to try to justify this law, I would like nevertheless to point out that, if read carefully, it stands out for the number of its exemptions. We may dismiss it all at once with a gesture of grief or wrath. Still in order to be of some help to our Jewish friends we must go beyond our emotion and recognize that the law has not done away with the Jewish element as a part of French life.

Most of the Civil Service jobs which are no longer available to Jews can become so the moment a Jew proves that he fought for France. And the recognition of the Jewish contribution to civilization is so great that the whole law can be waved aside (as must have been the case for Bergson) for any Jew who has distinguished himself in science, literature or art.

Of course we would prefer that France had not been obliged to become conscious of races. But, as it is now, and until we know more of what is going on, we must stress the fact that this law distinguishes itself by its exemptions and not by its ruthlessness. We must remember that, first because it is the truth; second, for the sake of our Jewish friends, that their energies may not be spent in moans and regrets which might bring more disaster, but, on the contrary, be grounded quietly, and firmly, and serenely in the hope which is still there.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

The Stage & Screen

The Cream in the Well

LYNN RIGGS'S latest play is of the school of Eugene O'Neil's "Desire Under the Elms." It is bucolic, sombre; its characters neurasthenic, abnormal, unhappy; it is written starkly yet imaginatively; and it gets nowhere. The Western farmer, in former times set before us as the backbone of our country, is to Mr. Riggs apparently a creature just this side of the madhouse. Now Mr. Riggs has talent; he can make us feel his people, he can write tense scenes and even admirable first acts, he has in his dialogue a literary sense, and, extraordinary to relate, he has even a sense of humor. If only he would employ the last in criticizing his own work and point of view! A story of incest may be of the stuff of art when it is told in the high tragic manner of the old Greeks, but realistically employed about essentially pedestrian people, it is offensive. There is an admirable first act in "The Cream in the Well," and there are excellent later scenes; but there are other moments when he pushes the horror so hard that it teeters over the brink of the absurd. I can't help feeling that the trouble with Mr. Riggs is that he hasn't grown up. His people are real, and that speaks volumes for his powers of observation, but their problems are literary. Mr. Riggs wants to write Greek tragedy with Oklahoma farmers in place of kings and queens, and with the deep religious sense which informed the Greek drama non-existent. It just can't be done, even with such admirable players as Virginia Campbell, Martha Sleeper, Perry Wilson, Ralph Theadore, Myron McCormick, Leif Erickson, and Harry Bratsburg. (*At the Booth Theatre.*)

Mr. and Mrs. North

THIS PLAY by Owen Davis from a detective story by Frances and Richard Lockridge is the antithesis of Mr. Riggs's. It is about nice people, even though one of them isn't really so nice, being a murderer. The story itself isn't a very exciting one, the real interest in the play being in the character of the Norths, especially Mrs. North. Mrs. North, as all readers of the *New Yorker* know, is whimsical and vague and not altogether truthful. It is this insistence on character interest that gives the play an appeal which may very well bring it real success. The detective story itself is legitimately told. There are no trap-doors or clutching hands, or complicated lethal methods. The murder, the two murders, are accomplished with a mallet. "Mr. and Mrs. North" is clean, normal, and often refreshing, and it is admirably played. Peggy Conklin is Mrs. North, and Albert Hackett her spouse; Tito Vuolo is the voluble landlord. The two detectives are Philip Ober and Millard Mitchell; a very fine contrasted pair they are. "Mr. and Mrs. North" provide an evening of nice entertainment. (*At the Belasco Theatre.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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Various Violences

WHEN rough, fast-moving, hard, gun-man pictures are to be made, Warners is the company to turn 'em out. Warners has been specializing in gangsters ever since "Little Caesar." Newest and fastest is *"High Sierra,"* which, although it drags a bit before the climax, manages to hold its own with the outstanding films of this type. It is based on the novel by W. R. Burnett who knows his Little Caesars—their methods, their madnesses, their snappy remarks spit out of the sides of their mouths, their unflinching toughness, their soft weaknesses, their molls. Its adult appeal is due to Raoul Walsh's intelligent and carefully detailed direction, the straightforward and realistic dialogue in the screenplay written by Author Burnett and John Huston, the magnificent mountain scenery and the sincere, unexaggerated performances of the cast. Humphrey Bogart (who has played these "guys rushing toward death" so long that he has the rôle down to perfection) and Ida Lupino (who knows exactly how to portray the calloused, knocked-about-by-life but sympathetically understanding girl-friend) are given good support in their first starring parts by Henry Travers, Willie Best, Arthur Kennedy, Henry Hull. Before the finale, that shows a hectic chase after Bandit Bogart over winding mountain roads, and the big moment when his bullet-ridden body falls at the posse's feet, there is much ado about the bad man's kindness to a dog, kindness to a girl with a club foot, and sense of honor among thieves. This glorifying of the hero-killer is a little over done; and certainly the exposition of how he commits his crimes is too vividly portrayed. But for cinema thrills that pack a wallop (as the ads are sure to say) "High Sierra" is the picture.

RKO shows in *"Let's Make Music"* how to use an orchestra leader and his band in a movie. Nathanael West's pleasant, unpretentious screenplay was pepped up with some funny gags. Leslie Goodwins directed with a nice sense of humor, a smooth quick pace and without cluttering up the story with super-colossal production numbers. Bob Crosby who can't act worth beans, isn't expected to. So he puts over wisecracks, pretends to be in love with Jean Rogers, and leads his Bobcats in some good tunes like "The Big Noise from Winnetka." But the main thing is that Elisabeth Risdon plays the lead and does it expertly. She builds up a likeable character of a spinsterish school teacher who writes a number that is picked up by Bob and made a sensation. The teacher swings from classic to swing and learns that although overnight fame climbs very high, it suddenly falls very flat. "Let's Make Music" is minor amusement that doesn't insult your intelligence even when it puts Chopin in the groove.

I must have been very much out of step at *"Road Show."* During the peals of laughter I sat sour-pussed and bored, and even in retrospect I can see nothing funny in this Hal Roach comedy. Whatever possibilities for humor may be found in Eric Hatch's novel, about a wealthy bachelor who moves from an insane asylum to a carnival and picks up assorted friends on the way, are missed in Roach's direction of this wooden piece. It's too bad that the talents of John Hubbard, Adolphe Menjou, Patsy Kelly and Charles Butterworth have to be wasted.

If it's something more newsworthy that you're looking for, you'll find the new March of Time, *"Uncle Sam—the Non-Belligerent"* as brutal and depressing a piece as you'd ever want to see. In its usual lively, realistic style, it presents the reactions of Americans to the Nazi destruction of England. It includes, as reasons for the reactions, shots of occupied France where French prisoners work like slaves, the dead city that Paris has become, the fires after bombardments in London, crowds of Englishmen trying to sleep in London subways, U-boats in action, Germans firing their new Big Berthas of the Second World War across the Channel, a British ship seen from a Stuka dive-bomber that is attacking it. Some of the sequences, photographed by Germans, were obtained from Canadians who had seized them as war contraband. But practically all the scenes are aimed to raise the figure in the recent Gallup poll which showed that 60 per cent of the American people favor aiding Britain even at the cost of war.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

The Greeks and the Powers

Introduction to the Constitutional History of Modern Greece. Nicholas Kaltchas. Columbia. $2.00.

THE PREFACE to this volume, an encomium written by Professor Lindsay Rogers, gives several reasons why not only specialists, but also general readers might well find this book, in spite of its uncolorful title, interesting and even "good reading." Since August, when Professor Rogers wrote his tribute, history has arranged a great and tragic additional interest for the book. The background of the Greeks has become more important than anyone, perhaps, but Mussolini, knew it to be in August, 1940.

This is a brilliant essay, undertaking a clear and limited job of historical study and theorizing, adhering rigidly to the outline of work, and accomplished in 172 pages.

> This history, so far as it is the product of non-material forces, has been shaped by two parallel ideologies—nationalism and constitutionalism. The former has been motivated by a consciousness of distinctness and superiority reared upon the glory of classical Greece and the grandeur of the Byzantine Empire and reinforced by the acknowledged primacy of the Greeks among the Christians subject to Ottoman rule. . . . Greek constitutionalism, on the other hand, has been grounded in the traditional association of the classical city state with liberty and democracy and, more substantially, in the long practice of communal self-government under the Ottoman Empire. . . . But while a consistently potent and at times explosive factor, constitutionalism in Greece has been essentially subordinate to nationalism.

These passages from the Introduction are an outline of the book. The short background of the revolution stresses as chief factors, "mercantile wealth in the service of education and scholarship and the impregnation of both with the thought then prevalent in Western Europe [the Enlightenment of the late eighteenth century]." The careers of Koraes and of Rhigas, intellectual leaders of the revolution, are quickly described, and the impact of the French Revolution and Napoleonic wars. Also the remark-

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able autonomous government which the Turks permitted the "Romaic Nation" and the Greeks. Koraes, the author claims, was essentially a secularist, a consistent anti-clerical and utilitarian, but a man who, in practical affairs, advocated "the middle road." One particularly interesting thing he did was to seek the advice of Thomas Jefferson on the formation of the Greek state, and, of course, get it: a very interesting and non-doctrinaire letter. Rhigas was a more impassioned revolutionary and more immersed in the actual operation of affairs, and his eclectic "Declaration of the Rights of Man" was an instrument of propaganda precipitating revolutionary action among all Greeks. It is a restriction of the book, but also, apparently, a limitation of the author, that the religious element in the struggle of the Greeks against Islam and in the foundations of a rule of law is given very slight appreciation.

The course of the revolution itself is not clear in the chapters dealing with "the Constitutions of the Revolution" and "The Capodistrian Dictatorship." All in all, the book is so rigidly political and constitutional as to be somewhat abstract; and it is not an attempt at a general history at all. The point, however, is clearly emphasized: The Greeks were forced to sacrifice the full, free development of their internal régime in order to insure the assistance of England, France and Russia, the Western European forces of the time, in extending their borders and establishing their independence from Turkey. The author insists upon the fundamental constitutionalism even of the dictator, Capodostrias, who is pictured as conceiving of his rule as being purely temporary. But the nationalistic urge in Greece for a state of their own encompassing as many of the Greek areas of the Near East and as many of the dispersed Greeks as possible, led Greece to accept the overlordship of the three "guarantor" countries, whose support was necessary to sustain the national ends which were far beyond native means. And it is clear from this book that the great powers were led by nationalism to treat Greece as an instrument of national diplomacy and power, and not warranting in herself the best régime obtainable, according to their own ideas, nor the régime closest to her own people's desires.

The Treaty of May, 1832, set up King Otto, son of the King of Bavaria, as sovereign of the Greeks. The settlement largely overturned Greek constitutionalism, since the king claimed sovereignty more fundamental than the constitutions of the revolutionary period. The treaty reenforced the check held by the "guarantors," but did not terminate the development of the nation. An insurgent constitution was adopted in 1844, to which the king reluctantly agreed, "a compact between King and nation," and by 1852 the great powers had accepted the new situation. The author states that Greece, during the insurrection of 1843-4 "provided a peculiarly propitious stage for that ideological sham battle of liberalism and constitutionalism against absolutism, which anticipated by exactly one hundred years the analogous international conflict between democracy and fascism, as a convenient disguise for the struggle for power among the major European states." It is impossible to know if the author would agree with that observation now.

In 1862, there was a full-fledged revolt and the Bavarian dynasty was expelled. The Greeks established a constitution based upon their own sovereignty, and after doing so took a Danish prince for their king. This time the great politics of England, Russia and France led them to accept de facto the more complete expression of Greek independence and the constitutionalism to which the king was subordinate. They did, however, retain a first lien on the revenues of the state to guarantee payments on the bonds which they had taken to provide Greece the finances with which to finish up its wars of independence and to establish a going régime.

The author claims that, "The subordination of the domestic development of Greece to the exigencies of her international situation was conclusively demonstrated during the political and constitutional crisis which was precipitated by the World War." The struggle between Venizelos and King Constantine, which is still recently remembered, is outlined clearly but briefly in the seventh chapter. Greek sovereignty didn't mean a thing to the belligerents of the first World War, but at that time it was the Allies who overrode and overran the country. Kaltchas puts in an ominous paragraph: "These increasingly punitive measures, which amounted to 'undeclared' war, impaired to the point of extinction the sovereignty, the territorial integrity, and the neutrality of Greece. That they should have been resorted to by the powers which were admittedly the most liberal and democratic of the belligerents of 1914-18 is a sufficiently disturbing phenomena. Still more disturbing is the extent to which the methods they pursued foreshadowed the technique of international lawlessness which was evolved two decades later by the unsatisfied, anti-democratic and warrior states, and against which the satisfied and essentially pacific democracies seem unable to devise effective means of common defense."

The chapter on "Post-War Developments" is very short for the material covered (it was not finished as planned). Greece went through a revolutionary cycle which came around in 1935 to the restoration of the constitutional monarchy. General Papagos was one of the officers whose deputation paved the way for a return of the king after the republic. The following year General Metaxas became premier, although he was leader of only a small parliamentary group. On August 5, 1936, the "state of emergency" was declared which led to the Metaxas dictatorship. Mr. Kaltchas believed that international factors were insignificant in this post-war development. Indeed he ended his book with the following principles of the new Greek foreign policy: opposition to revisionism; organization of security on a strictly regional basis; "and consequent refusal to become entangled in the conflicts of the great powers or to be drawn into any commitments beyond the Balkan peninsula and the Mediterranean."

The publication of this book was forced to be a memorial to the man who wrote it, for the author died (while still a young man) before it was printed. The tributes paid him in the Preface by his students and by his teacher indicate he was a most unusual mind and spirit. The book itself displays that kind of lucid objectivity which produces the effect not of chill but of regulated fire. Kaltchas was passionately attached to a constitutionalism he recognized well as the rule of law and justice, permitting liberty. This history of Greece is integrated upon the struggle and development of that constitutional spirit and mind and upon the institutions which can serve them, and upon the obstacle of foreign interference which hinders them. Looking backward, it is a good theme for Greece—may the future of Greece show the triumph of those institutions and that mind and that spirit! PHILIP BURNHAM.

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GREECE: ARCHITECTURE

Hagia Sophia. Emerson Howland Swift. Columbia. $10.00.

THIS book will satisfy every reader, the expert as well as the amateur. Of course we regret with the author that it was impossible to publish Prof. Wittemore's photos of the last findings of mosaics, as they are as yet being kept from the public. So much the more are we delighted to have at last a final analysis of the architecture of Justinian's magnificent building. The plan of the book, giving first a history and description, and only then a detailed scientific analysis of its architectural and historical problems, is a very wise one and saves the reader the trouble of eating himself through a big cake, before he finds his raisins. Everything concerning the scientific apparatus of the book seems to be perfect and up to date.

The illustrations give new and unknown angles and show the building more intimately than ever before. Some of the amazing architectural details make us marvel at the almost "modern" solutions anticipating later styles to an astounding degree. Let us hope that this book will find a wide public in the West and finally destroy the totally unjustified prejudice against Byzance and the alleged "stagnation" of its marvellous civilization. While we all worship such clumsy imitations as St. Mark's in Venice we forget that Hagia Sophia is not only greater, bolder and five hundred years older, but truly original and, in the best sense of the word, elegant. The Turkish government ought to be thanked for taking the temple of Christ out of the hands of an ununderstanding religious community, although we all will regret that it does not resound with the celestial hymns of Greek liturgy and is now an empty shell robbed of its kernel, the holy mysteries of Christ. The idea to build a temple to Divine Wisdom, Christ himself, was bold and grandiose, but so was its execution. In many a trait the building equals the daring solutions of French Gothic. After perusing this book, seeing the ingenious synthesis made by the architects of what was then known of Christian building and their pagan ancestors, one feels that Hagia Sophia, more than Michelangelo's St. Peter, is architecturally "Catholic" and Christian at the same time. It is the first architecturally "visible" and symbolic victory of Christ's Spirit over matter, the first great attempt to materialize the Christian KOSMOS in stone. The author is to be thanked for helping us to understand this unique significance of Christ's temple, dedicated to Him as God's Wisdom incarnate. It is the first chapter of John in stone.

H. A. REINHOLD.

GREECE: ARCHEOLOGY

Epigraphica Attica. Martin Classical Lectures, Volume IX. Benjamin Dean Meritt. Harvard. $2.00.

THROUGH her "democratic habit of inscribing things on stone" "for him to see who wishes" ancient Athens has left us the texts, now more often fragmentary, of a large body of her official acts. It has been too long supposed that it suffices to study them two-dimensionally, as on a printed page. In these highly technical Oberlin College lectures Professor Meritt proves the need and illustrates the nature of a three-dimensional, "architectural" approach to the inscribed stones themselves—an exacting combination of techniques which in the past quarter-century he himself and other North American scholars have chiefly developed and perfected.

BERNARD M. PEEBLES.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

New Directions in the New World. Adolph A. Berle, Jr. Harper. $2.00.

THE AUTHOR of this book has both theoretical and practical knowledge of his subject, for he was Associate Professor of Corporation Law before he was called to the post of Assistant Secretary of State in Washington. His style is clear and luminous, free from technicalities, and yet the result of deep thought and conviction. There are three main divisions in his treatment of the subject. The first three chapters are concerned with the problems that will lie before the United States in the post-war world when the task of "readjustment into peaceful life and production of peace time goods will be staggering." In this crisis he sees not a crushing burden but an opportunity for "a great forward movement" that will bring far better conditions into the world than have been known up to the present. He examines the great progress that has been already made in allaying distrust and cementing bonds of cooperation with South America. In this connection he emphasizes the importance, far too little realized, of the Lima conference. Then he shows the evil results of the economic policies of the country from 1918, through the depression to 1932, when he pays tribute to the work of President Roosevelt, who did "swiftly and well" the emergency work called for. Great problems however remain, problems of youth and unemployment, of small businesses and of old age. These needs arise from changed conditions and must be met by a new approach and a new method of dealing with business and banking.

The next two chapters deal with these two subjects in a sketchy rather than in a systematic fashion, with an original rather than conventional approach. He proposes an investigation of the present day economic system on the basis of definite criteria and a search for an organization of business "that actually works" without assuming that this need will be met by any single system or any single standard or size, "(of the business unit)" or "set of practices at any given point." He then investigates the relation of business to government, and considers the program of government control of industry (in the necessity of which he absolutely believes).

Next, Dr. Berle applies his economic theories to the question of capital and capital credit. Here, above all, he advocates increased government regulation for the purpose of general welfare, while maintaining the fundamental principle of private liberty. However the idea of a planned economy dominates; but beyond that is no particular radicalism.

The book concludes with a study of the effects of Christian teaching on the pagan world and the results of the neglect of this teaching today. He sees the essential note of Christianity in the second great commandment rather than the first, in the duty of loving one's neighbor, rather than any personal relationship with God. This concept of the duty of the individual to every other man, the "universal concept," as he calls it, "conquered the world by its implacable idealism." Now it has grown old and weak, and men have returned to the easier method of obeying a dictator, nazi or communist. Only when men return to an act of faith and an act of will with regard to their own obligations rather than their rights will the great counter-revolution succeed. He does not tell us how this necessary change in men must be brought about.

A fundamental question of criticism that could be raised

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is this: is it really possible to reconcile the traditional spirit and forms of American democracy with twentieth century, European-born government control and planning of economic life? Is there not a fundamental dilemma in the proposed combination which must lead eventually to the sacrifice of one or the other partner?

MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE, S.H.C.J.

I Believe in America: An American Manifesto. Ray W. Sherman. New York: Oskar Piest. $2.00.

TEN SHORT chapters constitute this American Manifesto. The thesis of the book is that Americans, particularly the poor in spirit and in pocket, should have faith in the future of America. This faith the author predicates from America's past accomplishments and from the possibilities inherent in our present *wants*. Briefly the author makes it clear he is talking about wants, not needs. He names among the wants: gasless engines, fabricated houses, unfabricated clothes, staticless radio, lightless illuminators and, most of all, laborless knowledge. "I can see children," he says, "without the drudgery of home work, arriving at present high school age, with knowledge they do not now possess." In satisfying these wants Mr. Sherman believes, America will produce her most prosperous age. Here we have again the old illusion that an economy based upon human wants will bring prosperity.

It never has, except for the chosen few, but in Mr. Sherman's minor lyric of America, history is merely a metaphor and a prophecy. Even the National Association of Manufacturers realizes we must reemphasize the needs of men. No social order any more than any man can long survive in an economy that disregards his needs as less profitable than his luxuries. This rhapsody of Sherman's America reads like McKinley's campaign speeches. The thesis is an anachronism and a snare for the patriotic unthoughtful.

The chapters are developed from half truths: depressions always end; America always goes higher; communism won't work. No chapter identifies itself satisfactorily with even an elementary knowledge of the facts involved. The author seems to think that communism is a disheartened and envious way of looking at capitalism—he would never suspect that it is capitalism run riot. Thank God as against Mr. Sherman, a majority of Americans have nobler reasons for believing in America, though they are less certain of its business prosperity. JOHN P. MONAGHAN.

In the Groove

MISS MARIE PIERIK, whose book on *The Spirit of Gregorian Chant* was reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL a year ago, has made five records which include at least one example of every type of liturgical Plainsong (McLaughlin & Reilly Co., Boston: $12 with the book, $10 without). Although a woman's voice does not sound, to me, appropriate to Gregorian, and although these discs do not compare in tonal or liturgical effect with the rather more expensive Solesmes Abbey records, Miss Pierik chants with authentic feeling and vocal purity. Together with the book, the records constitute a comprehensvive survey of Gregorian.

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secular music. Yves Tinayre, French baritone and musicologist, sings a *Recital* album of troubadour songs and church airs very beautifully, although the prevailing tone of austerity makes for monotony (Columbia, $4.50). Victor's popular album of *Madrigals and Motets,* by the Lee Jones Madrigal Singers, contains much that is good—notably works by the great Spaniards Morales and Victoria—but is not very well performed ($2.50). I should say here, what is true of Miss Pierik's records as well, that my record-changer (RCA type) boggles at these discs on which two selections occupy a side, with blank space between them. Why not grooves?

Now for the really fine sets of the month. Victor's *Don Quixote,* the great theme-and-variations tone poem of Richard Strauss, is played by the Philadephia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, with solo work by Cellist Emanuel Feuermann ($5.50). The pathos and grandeur of the Don, the instrumental pictures of his adventures and, granted, the old-hat idiom of Herr Strauss, come through spaciously and beautifully. The descriptive notes by Charles O'Connell are unusual of this kind of literature: they are a pleasure to read while listening to the records. Victor's other big offering, and really big it is, is Mahler's *Ninth Symphony,* on ten discs ($10.50), which probably would never have been recorded had not arrangements been made to capture it at a performance in pre-Hitler Vienna in 1938—by Bruno Walter, Mahler's greatest living associate, with the Vienna Philharmonic. So, it's the *echt* and *ur*-Mahler, the Mahler of the lofty and bitter musings and dreamings, the man who wouldn't let you hurry him or interrupt his long thoughts. Maybe Beethoven said as much or more within the tonal and temporal limits of a string quartet. Without giving comfort to Mahlerites or anti-Mahlerites by drawing unwarranted comparisons, it may be said that of Beethoven's last and loftiest quarters, the one in C Sharp Minor (Opus 131) is probably the most eloquent. It has its best performance to date in Columbia's recording by its most notable new acquisition, the Budapest Quartet ($5.50).

The Tchaikovsky *Sixth* or *Pathétique Symphony* was movie music before Hollywood and the movie palaces discovered sobbing woodwinds, sighing strings and groaning brasses. Of its latest recording it is enough to say that Maestro Stokowski and his All American Youth Orchestra give it the works (Columbia, $6.50). A symphony that is fresh, concise, honest is Georges Bizet's *First,* written when he of the later *Carmen* was 17, and now recorded for the first time, by Walter Goehr and the London Philharmonic (Victor, $4.50). A contemporary comparative youngster, 27-year-old Morton Gould, in *Foster Gallery* has tricked out Stephen Foster tunes in amusing, though over smart, orchestral and harmonic dress—sympathetically played by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (Victor, $2.50).

Then there's Stephen Foster straight. Decca's third album of Foster melodies ($2.25), containing some of his less familiar songs—he wrote more than 200—gets close to the bottom of the barrel. The collection contains some good songs, notably *The Glendy Burk* and *My Brudder Gum;* sung by Frank Luther and Zora Layman, with the Century Quartet. But mostly of a sameness. Really good listening, and providing variety, is Decca's album of *Hungarian Gypsy Music* ($3.50), the first of a series made before the death last year of Magyari Imre, greatest of gypsy fiddlers. The records catch the improvisatory languor and swing of this musician at whose funeral hun-

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dreds of other fiddlers marched and played. Decca's *Reverend Johnson's Dream* is a suite of rather good pseudo-Negro songs by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler, taking its name from the longest one, a sermon. Sung by the Jubilee Singers and three soloists ($2.75). Thoroughly delightful is Victor's collection of *Bayou Ballads of the Louisiana Plantations* ($2.75). Although Marguerite Castellanos-Taggart sings a bit stagily, this is worth hearing as the first set of its kind.

Good single discs: airs from Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *May Night,* sung by a versatile and warm-voiced soprano, Irene Jessner (Victor). The first recording anywhere by the excellent National Symphony Orchestra (Washington), a *Toccata* by Frescobaldi, glowingly transcribed—in Stokowski style—by the orchestra's conductor, Hans Kindler (Victor). Two songs by Mahler, *Hans und Gretel* and *Ich atmet' einen Linden Duft,* by mezzo-soprano Suzanne Sten (Columbia). An amusing imitation of Handel, *Little Jack Horner,* by J. M. Diack, sung by a great basso, Alexander Kipnis (Victor). The English diction of this Ukrainian should put some native singers to shame.

One of the better Negro quartets, the Golden Gate, has joined the Bluebird line-up. Its subtle, hushed delivery, backed by a solid rhythmic beat, is to be heard on two discs: *Julius Caesar* and *The Devil With the Devil; Darling Nellie Gray* and *My Walking Stick.* Best show songs of the month are four from *Panama Hattie,* sung by Ethel Merman, star of the show, in a Decca album ($2). A distinctive 12-inch popular disc is Artie Shaw's *Clarinet Concerto,* from the movie *Second Chorus.* It isn't a concerto, but its idiom is agreeable, and there's a good duet for clarinet and drum.

Columbia's reissue of *Who Stole the Lock?,* made by the Rhythmakers in 1932, features names that made jazz history: Eddie Condon on the banjo, Jack Bland on the guitar, Pops Foster on the bass, and the renowned Zutty Singleton on the drums. Against this background, Pee Wee Russell plays a brilliant clarinet, Henry Allen the trumpet, Tommy Dorsey the trombone. On the other side, an equally treasurable number, *Oh Peter,* with practically the same cast, plus Joe Sullivan at the piano.

The fine combination of Duke Ellington at the piano and Jimmy Blanton on the string bass makes *Pitter Panther Patter* eventful. The Duke has crowded the boards with releases this month, all worth hearing, notably Columbia's album of reissues. *Cow Cow Blues* (Decca), by Bob Crosby's Orchestra, adapts boogie woogie style to band work, in which Muggsy Spanier's beautiful trumpet shines forth. Teddy Wilson's *Melancholy Baby* (Columbia), with Ella Fitzgerald singing the baby, is a neat piece of jazz, with accent on Wilson's sparkling piano. (He's a unique Negro jazzman who likes and plays Bach.)

Less noisy and exhibitionistic than most Cab Calloway recordings is *The Worker's Train* (Okeh), good for dancing but undernourished as jazz. Rex Stewart and his orchestra (an Ellington unit) add their say-so with a hot and mellow version of *Without a Song* (Bluebird). Worth hearing: the smooth vocalizing of the Mills Brothers with Benny Carter's band in *By the Watermelon Vine, Lindy Lou* (Decca). By all means: Fats Waller's *Abercrombie Had a Zombie* (Bluebird) and Orrin Tucker's *The Yogi Who Lost His Will Power* (Columbia). For quieter tastes, Carmen Cavallaro's Decca album ($2.25), *Getting Sentimental Over You;* fine piano work with accompaniment by bass, guitar and drum.

C. J. BALLIETT, JR.

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The Inner Forum

ITALY'S attack upon the Greeks caused great anguish among those working and praying for the reunion of Christendom. A recent issue of the London *Tablet* publishes communications which crystallize that feeling The Association of the Catholics of Greece sent out an appeal to their fellow-Catholics throughout the world to "denounce as unjust and clearly anti-Christian the aggression against the independence of our country." A group of French Catholics in Athens sent a letter to the Archbishop of Athens and the Greek nation which said in part, "Convinced and fervent Roman Catholics, guests of Orthodox Greece, it is with a veritable anguish of heart that . . . they saw a great and officially Catholic nation, which has the signal and responsible privilege of sheltering the spiritual capital of millions of the faithful, attack a small and peaceful Christian nation. . . ."

The only periodical, written entirely in English, devoted to Reunion and the activities of the Orthodox Church and the various Eastern Churches acknowledging the primacy of the Holy See, is the *Eastern Churches Quarterly,* edited in England by Dom Bede Winslow, O.S.B., and Donald Attwater and distributed in this country by the Chesterton Book Shop of 1062 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Due to the exigencies of the war, and for the duration, it will be issued twice a year beginning with the forthcoming January-April issue.

The essentially long-range character of the work of Reunion is indicated in the last issue to reach these shores in Dom Winslow's proposal to establish a Benedictine Monastery in England devoted to work for Christian unity, "a center where monks living in the mind of the Mass and in the study of the Tradition of the Church, but not identifying themselves with any particular movement and avoiding all polemics, would approach the problem of Christian Unity from a positive and constructive angle." It would be a place for studying the historical and theological aspects of the question, "in a spirit of peace and sympathy," where "all Christians would be able to come for prayer and study and obtain contact with Rome without in any way committing themselves."

CONTRIBUTORS

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